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POEMS
BY
R. D. WATTS.

FROM A BOOK FUND COMMEMORATING
RUTH GERALDINE ASHEN
CLASS OF 1931

It's a sad thing
when a man is to be so soon forgotten
And the shining in his soul
gone from the earth
With no thing remaining;

And it's a sad thing
when a man shall die
And forget love
which is the shiningness of life;

But it's a sadder thing
that a man shall forget love
And he not dead but walking in the field
of a May morning
And listening to the voice of the thrush.

—R.G.A., in *A Yearbook of
Stanford Writing*, 1931

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QUEEN BY EDWIN EVERITT WILLIAMS '32

Tom Ellson

252

1864

Provincial printing.

O O L A

AND

O T H E R P O E M S .

BY

R. D. WATTS.

LONGTON:
F. S. WRIGHT.
1864.

Wth Sheridan
Woodhouse
Longton

PREFACE.

THE only Preface intended for this little book, was its Title-page. But as, in order to cover the expense of Publication, application for subscribers has been made to others, besides the friends at whose suggestion it has been printed, thanks are due—and respectfully given—to those Ladies and Gentlemen whose names appear in the subscription list.

As there are, no doubt, many among that number who are familiar with the lofty strains of the Great Masters of British Song—strains to which the Writer makes no pretension of even a distant approach; but he would explain, that the following Pieces were composed without any idea, originally, of publication, and simply as a relaxation when severer study would have been to him all but impossible. He would further state, that his many duties prevented him giving that attention to the correction of such errors which, had time allowed, he would no doubt have discovered.

With these remarks, he commits this little book to the favor of an indulgent public.

R. D. W.

Longton,

January 1st, 1864.

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POEMS.

BISHOP BURGWASH. *

A BALLAD.

Half hid beneath the broad oak trees,
Sequestered Tinghurst stood ;
Though here and there the open lawns
Smiled through the dark green wood.

A place it seemed, by nature made,
For solitude and prayer,
And holy men, who feared the Lord,
Oft sought His presence there ;—

Lincoln's bishops, many a one,
Left Wooburn's palace proud,
And under Tinghurst's humble roof,
Forgot the worldling crowd.

Then oft the lowly peasants near,
Received from Bishops' hands,
With thankful heart, a kine to feed
Upon their common lands.

* The Book of Days.—Vol. i, p. 690.

And thus these holy Churchmen lived,
 In alms-deeds and in prayer ;
 More happy in that rustic spot,
 Than they in palace were.

But now a change came o'er the scene,
 Those holy men were dead ;
 Proud Burgwash wore the bishop's robes,
 And mitre on his head.

A more ambitious man than he,
 Or with more greedy mind,
 Who loved the fleece, more than the flock,
 Were difficult to find.

And Wooburn's palace now was filled,
 With rich, but godless men ;
 And of the poor, Lord Burgwash thinks,
 But when he plunders them.

The second Edward held the reins
 Of England's troubled realm :
 Though crafty priest, or baron proud,
 Sat really at the helm.

This Burgwash had Lord Treasurer been,
 Lord Chancellor once was he,
 And as Ambassador been sent,
 To realms beyond the sea.

A Bishop now, in rank and power,
 His purse well filled he found ;
 Many a goodly steed had he,
 And hawk and noble hound.

Now Tingham's woody glades he sought,
 Though not to muse or pray,
 But in those glades to hunt the deer,
 With his companions gay.

Oh ! profanation vile and sad,
 Hounds in those sacred nooks,
 Where erst the voice of prayer was heard,
 Or read were holy books !

"Too small the bounds of Tingham's chase"
 The lordly Burgwash cries,
 "And much these peasants' cots and kine,
 Hurt and annoy my eyes ;

"I never gave these base hinds leave
 To build their hovels there ;
 Nor shall they longer spoil my chase,
 And mar a scene so fair."

Down came the lowly peasant's cot,
 Despite his children's cries ;
 Orphan and widow, homeless now,
 Uplift to heaven their eyes.

A scornful laugh the bishop laughs,
 Nor heeds their bitter ban ;
 For little cared that priest, so proud,
 For curse of God, or man.

Full well he knew, to men so poor,
 Would no redress be given ;
 And he was not so weak to think
 They would be heard in heaven !

In mirth he hears yon widow say,
 "The holy men who here,
 Gave us our home, and kine, and lands,
 In spirit hover near.

"And oft beneath the moon's pale beams,
 Their spirits did I see;
 But now with us they quit these glades,
 And leave them all to thee.

"And thou shalt be sole lord of all,
 Though sore against thy will,
 Till thou dost give us back our homes,
 And land to graze, or till."

A jovial life Lord Burgwash led,
 Each hunting season through;—
 He often sighed as to their close,
 Too quick the season drew.

It was one hunting season's close,
 And hard the chase had been,
 Huntsmen and hounds had followed swift,
 But failed their prey to win.

Now all alone, the Bishop rode,
 The eve began to fall;
 Huntsmen, and hounds, were left behind,
 Lord Burgwash outrode all.

With starting eyes, and hanging tongue,
 The brave stag fled before,
 But now has reached the roofless huts
And passed a ruined door.

“ Ah ! ’tis the crazy widow’s hut,
 And there he stands at bay ; ”
 Thus, laughing, spake that Bishop proud,
 And swift he rode that way.

But as he passed that ruined door,
 Over the threshold stone,
 His jaded steed stumbled, and fell,
 And he was forward thrown.

Yes there, upon the widow’s hearth,
 With broken neck he lay ;—
 But now begins the strangest thing,
 Of all I have to say,

Though his corse lay stiffening there,
 His ghost came out the door ;
 Dressed all in green, with bolt and bow,
 A bugle horn he bore !

As keeper now condemned to roam,
 Comes forth his wretched ghost,
 Each night, but in the burning lake
 By day, must wail and roast.

This nightly penance must he do,
 Till back restored the lands,
 Which from the lowly poor he took,
 With his rapacious hands.

Oft in the wild and stormy night
 Were heard his bugle’s tones ;
 And thus, within the grave no rest
 Had that proud Bishop’s bones.

Three years, amid the winter's storms,
 Or the still summer night,
 Thus wandered Burgwash's wretched ghost,
 A weary forlorn wight.

An old companion in the chase,
 One night through Tinghurst past ;
 Why standeth steed and rider there,
 As they were both aghast ?

'Tis that they see from 'neath the trees
 The shade of Burgwash come ;
 His dismal looks were sure enough
 To strike an old friend dumb ;

But when, with deep sepulchral tones,
 The ghost his tale unfolds,
 His friend feels through his trembling frame,
 Alternate heats and colds.

"Oh, if you ever hope for heaven,
 Unto the Canons go,
 And the sad cause of my unrest,
 Unto them do thou show ;

"Say, that I never can have peace,
 Or rest within my grave,
 Until the poor have back the lands
 Which former Bishops gave ;

"But chief a widow poor there is,
 Whose curse doth on me lie ;
 E'en if my soul could soar to bliss,
 'T would drag me from on high.

“ See that her cot be built anew,
 And furnished to her need,
 Give her some sheep, a kine or two,
 With land, where they may feed.

“ And thou, my friend, fail not to do
 This thing, my last request,
 Then shall I haunt these woods no more,
 But in my grave may rest.”

Like morning mists, before the sun,
 Dissolve into thin air ;
 The shade has vanished, but the friend
 Astounded, still sits there !

But rousing soon, to Lincoln straight
 The Bishop's friend repairs,
 And in the wond'ring Canons' ears
 His ghostly tale declares.

The Canons, glad, the cots rebuild,
 Restore the poor men's land ;
 They double all the widow lost
 By Burgwash's greedy hands.

Again the poor enjoy the gifts
 Which former Bishops gave ;
 And Burgwash's troubled ghost may now
 Rest quiet in the grave.

Oh, never can his soul know rest,
 Who takes the poor man's right ;
 But his hereafter life shall be
 One weary, restless night.

THE KIRK ON THE HILL.

Dull, cheerless, and cold, had been the whole day,
 For the snow clouds spread their curtains of grey,
 And as eve came on the keen bitter blast
 Shrieked shrill through the leafless trees as it past ;
 But safe in the fold, or warm in the shed,
 The sheep and the beasts were sheltered and fed ;
 Bedded each stall, in the stable, with straw ;
 A bleak winter's night the farmer foresaw.
 Still nearer, and nearer, the tempest came,
 And sharp beat the sleet on each window pane ;
 Yet snug was the hearth of the moorland farm,
 The flame of the fir logs lightsome and warm.
 The Farmer sat down in the ingle nook,
 Where his tankard brown, and his pipe he took,
 While his servant Nell, with her fingers small,
 Wound the new made yarn from the distaffs tall ;
 Young Hugh often gazed on the maiden fair,
 Then cast on his sire a glance of despair ;
 The Farmer peered out from his cloud of smoke,
 Then put down his pipe and thus to them spoke :
 " No stars can be seen in the murky sky,
 And deep in the vales the snow wreaths lie ;
 Three miles from hence is the Kirk on the hill,
 And the winds whistle round it wild and shrill,
 And the ghosts, all through the long darksome
 night,
Bound the old pile wander, ghastly and white.

There lies 'neath the cross on the altar high,
 A skull, which is polished, white, and dry :
 Now if Nell, with her slim and fragile form,
 Dares face the white ghosts, 'mid the wintry storm,
 To bring me the skull, from the cross' side,
 Hugh has my consent to make her his bride."

"Nay, mine be the task," then young Hugh replied,
 "The bridegroom should venture, not the weak
 bride;"—

"Silence! my son," said the old Farmer stern,
 "For thou shalt stay here till Nelly's return,
 And what I have said, shall by her be done,
 Or never again my consent is won."

The maiden is wrapt in plaid, warm and stout,
 A staff has she ta'en, the way to pick out,
 No word has she said, but opens the door,
 The snow drifting half way over the floor,
 With eyes full of love, she glances at Hugh,
 Nor doubts but that love will carry her through.
 She crosses the glen, and fords the swoln brook;
 Fearless the path o'er the moorland she took;
 Against the wild blast she scarcely can stand,
 Though helped by the staff she holds in her hand;
 Slowly she goes o'er the broad sheets of ice,
 Each step which she takes, well chosen and nice.
 Her brave heart, and true, shrank not from the task;
 The Kirk on the hill;—Nell reached it at last.
 But what is the noise she hears there within;
 Of voices strange, and a horrible din?
 Quick flutters her heart, will it fail her now?

No, unflinching her will, dauntless her brow ;
 Though darkness, and ghosts, with tempests unite,
 In vain shall they strive brave Nell to affright ;
 She hears the Kirk door swing loud in the blast ;
 The porch she has found, the threshold has past,
 In darkness, not fear, she gropes up the aisle ;
 The dance of light feet tread round her the while,
 The skull she has found, and holds in her grasp ;
 A struggle she hears, a sob, and a gasp !
 Unheeding she hears, the skull made her own,
 When down on the hard pave brave Nell is thrown !
 The beat of light feet, with sob, sigh and groan,
 Distinctly she hears, as moan answers moan.
 The skull in her plaid, she springs to her feet,
 More swiftly than ever the wild feet beat ;
 The length of the aisle she soon passes o'er,
 She gains the low porch, and fastens the door,
 Nor feels she the sleet which drives in her face,
 With unheeding steps the way doth she trace ;
 The worst of the task Nell had to fulfil,
 Was done, when she left the Kirk on the hill.
 Her nerves were strung to their utmost extent,
 Till done was the thing on which she was bent,
 But scarce had she past the door threshold o'er,
 When senseless she fell her length on the floor ;
 Not e'en by his sire can Hugh be repressed,
 He strains his dear Nell in love to his breast ;
 Her senses return, she opens her eyes,
 And gazes around her in wild surprise.
 The skull she unwraps, and gives it to Hugh,

Who claims that his sire shall be to them true ;
 But his sire must hear, from the lips of Nell,
 How the Kirk she reached, and what there befel ;
 She said that the way was slippy, and steep,
 The Kirk full of groans, and sounds of light feet,
 That when she had made the smooth skull her own,
 'Midst struggles and groans, she backward was
 thrown.

The Farmer said, " Well, rest thee to night,
 Thy tale will I prove at the dawning of light."
 True to his word, when the daylight arose,
 Straight to the Kirk, o'er the moorland he goes ;
 The snow storm had ceased, as Nelly came back ;
 Distinct in the snow, he follows her track,
 Fresh tracks he found, as the Kirk he drew near ;—
 'T was the track of a herd of mountain deer,
 These, with some grouse, had in Kirk shelter found,
 Nor dared face again the door's banging sound.
 And when Nell came for the skull in the night,
 The grouse, and the deer, were wild with affright ;
 And these were the feet the maiden had heard,
 With call of the deer, and wing of the bird,
 The old Farmer said, " She had nobly done,
 And richly deserved the prize she had won ;
 A daughter so brave would aye be his pride ;
 Well Hugh might be proud to call her his bride."
 With grouse, and with deer, they made a great feast,
 And wedded to Hugh, by the good old priest,
 The maid of brave heart, and undaunted will,
 In that rare old pile, the " Kirk on the hill."

THE LAST GAS-LAMP.

Not of the heaven bespangling orbs my theme,
Not of the thunder's roll, or lightning's gleam,
Not nature's beauty, or her scenes sublime,
A far more humble, common theme is mine.

Quite in the outskirts of the town, there stands
A sentinel of light, with iron hands,
Whose post divides the darkness from the light,
The busy town, from the still country night.

The first Gas-lamp, or last Gas-lamp I mean,
Is now to form the subject of my theme,
And how it lights both joy and wretchedness,
The pomp of wealth, and pallor of distress.

Beneath that Gas-lamp's light, there frequent stands
A beggar blind, with outstretched suppliant hands;
Who pleading, in the name of God, oft asked
Some pity for the blind from those who passed.

There, on a stone, long sits that beggar old,
His hoary head exposed to night's damp cold ;
When asked " Why not the poor's asylum seek,"
" Freedom I love," is all you hear him speak.

When closed the many labors of the day,
And youthful loves, in couples stroll away ;
Leaving the noisy streets glaring with gas,
By the last lamp to the still lanes they pass.

That lamp, upon the face of guileless youth,
 Reflects the look of love and heartfelt truth ;
 Or on the face of some too yielding maid,
 Reveals the blush of shame, she is betrayed.

Next, sobered with the cares of this world's strife,
 Pass by a decent couple—man and wife ;
 From visit to their parents, or some friend,
 Back to a happy home their steps they wend.

And as the last Gas-lamp their faces light,
 Though mellowed in their eyes youth's passion
 Esteem and friendship, quiet and content, [bright ;
 Their looks expressed as 'neath the lamp they went.

As later grows the hour the shops all close,
 Slow o'er the busy town falls night's repose ;
 For, one by one, the footsteps died away,
 And the town's outskirts now in silence lay.

Yet still the last Gas-lamp shone clear and bright,
 And on the darkness round poured out its light ;
 Not yet, not yet is all its duty done,
 For list, along the pave more footsteps come.

One comes with steps unsteady, and alone,
 Whose weeping wife and children starve at home ;
 And he returning from some drunkard's feast,
 Proves man can be more brutal than a beast.

A muttered oath escapes his drunken lips,
 As 'gainst a stone with reeling steps he trips ;
 A fiend incarnate to his home he goes ;
 A home which every woe and misery knows.

O, last Gas-lamp ! what pictures dost thou see,
 Of human vice, and human misery ;
 Beneath thee, on the pavement, wet and cold,
 Pass by the destitute, homeless and old.

Herself ill-shod, and child with naked feet,
 By stern "move on," driven from street to street,
 Beneath thy light widow and child are come ;
 And there she prays, " God feed my starving son."

And He who, not unmindful, rules on high,
 But hears and feeds young ravens when they cry,
 Has heard in heaven that helpless widow's prayer,
 And soon supplies her wants with father's care.

Aye, swiftly borne upon a chariot's wheels,
 Comes one who neither cold or hunger feels ;
 With food and shelter to the widow sent,
 By Him who rules all hearts and each event.

Her chariot rolls beneath the Gas-lamp's light,
 With well-fed steed, and harness shining bright ;
 But stayed, as rose the widow's wailing wild—
 " Save, lady !—save ! oh, save my starving child."

Not oft does English lady hear the cry
 Of want in vain, and not that want supply ;
 The lady gives the widow from her store,
 Yet is grown richer than she was before.

For He, who loves the widow and her child,
 In heaven approving, saw the deed and smiled ;
 Saying, " Inasmuch that deed was done by thee,
 "Thou didst it not to her, but unto me."

Scarce died away the chariot's rumbling sound,
When one advanced and, cautious, peered around,
As if to light, and observation shun ;
Yet waited there for some one else to come.

Nor waited long, a whistle low was heard,
And now two men appeared, and then a third ;
The widow unperceived, sat in the shade,
And heard the scheme for ill those men had made.

To rob her house, who late had pity shown,
These villains sought, and now their plans made
known,
The widow heard, and timely warning gave,
And thus did she her benefactress save.

Small is the place the Gas-lamp's rays can light,
But there's no place escapes God's piercing sight ;
Unclosed His eye, alike by night and day,
And marks all passengers on life's causeway.

O-O-L-A.

'Neath the tall rocks, which line the ice-clad strand
 Of Greenland's frozen coasts, lie strips of land ;
 Where winter's rigors are less keenly felt,
 Where first the thick rib'd ice and deep snows melt.

There builds the Eskimo his igloes* white,
 There passes he the long drear polar night ;
 Nor would he change, for any place on earth,
 Those polar rocks—the land which gave him birth.

Drawn by his hardy dogs, he loves to pass
 O'er the frozen firth, smooth as molten glass,
 To chase the reindeer o'er the yielding snow,
 Or spear the seals, when through the chinks they
 show.

Kadijah was a huntsman, bold and brave,
 Who well could steer his kayak† o'er the wave,
 Or guide his sledge athwart the frozen plain ;
 And all his tribe revered Kadijah's name.

A maid, his only child, Kadijah had,
 And in his child Kadijah's heart was glad,
 There was no maid of all her native race,
 Could boast a finer form or fairer face.

* Igloe, the Esquimeaux hut of snow.

† Kayak, an Esquimeaux canoe.

And when he went to hunt the deer, or seal,
 Oola must go to dress her father's meal;
 In all his joys must have an equal share,
 He took his Oola with him everywhere.

Fair Oola loved her sire, as daughters should,
 And often by his side in danger stood;
 As yet all love, but his, had failed to find,
 Or make an entrance in young Oola's mind.

The maid was verging now on that fair time,
 When maidens' charms appear in all their prime;
 When though possessed of all they can desire,
 Some unknown want their bosoms still inspire.

And well it is for them, if then controlled,
 They give their passions' reins to reason's hold;
 Reason will then a hasty choice prevent,
 Which those who heed not oft too late lament.

When winter's frosts had laid the snow in chains,
 Kadijah went to hunt upon the plains;
 To chase the deer or spear the bear intent,
 And with her sire as wont fair Oola went.

There, first, she must prepare the igloo white,
 Meanwhile, her sire goes forth the game to sight;
 Wide o'er the waste he casts his eyes around,
 But there no trace of bear, or deer he found.

Oola begins to build the hut of snow,
 Breaks through the frozen crust and digs below;
 Nor thought she cause of danger to be there,
 Yet 'neath her feet there slept a polar bear!

Deep buried in the snow the monster lay,
 *The female bear oft hibernates this way,
 Unconscious, Oola made the covering bare,
 And roused the sleeping monster in its lair ;

Sniffing the air, it opes its fiery eyes,
 Then rushing from its lair, on Oola flies ;
 The maiden hears a shout, and hears a roar,
 She feels the dreaded grip, but nothing more.

Nor sees the youth, who bounding o'er the snow,
 To the fierce creature's heart hath sent a blow ;
 Around its neck a strangling noose he threw,
 With which he used to bind the snared tooktoo.†

Fiercely awhile it struggles, but in vain,
 Its heart's blood gushes on the snowy plain ;
 The youth may now upon the maiden tend,
 And low, with anxious eyes, doth o'er her bend.

Her drooping form he raises in his arms,
 And gazes, lost in wonder, at her charms,
 But when she lifts the curtains of her eyes,
 Still more he feels his admiration rise.

She glances round with timid looks of dread,
 Then on Ooyarrak's breast she rests her head ;
 With speechless thanks she lifts to him her face,
 That look nought from his heart shall e'er erase.

* The female Polar Bear, not the male, in November, will seek the foot of some rock or other convenient place, and, lying down, allow the snow to drift over her ; the heat of her breath and body forms a cavity, or kind of den, in which she brings forth her young. She comes forth in March, with two cubs, the size of a Shepherd's dog.

† The Greenland name for the Reindeer.

Now on the snow he spreads his fur robes wide,
 And on them now he sits by Oola's side ;
 Already they so intimate are grown,
 They might for years each other's love have known.

But Oola now recovering from her fright,
 Bethinks her she must rear the igloo white ;
 Ooyarrak too, to build an igloo knew,
 So they, united, built not one, but two.

And when Kadijah came from fruitless chase,
 He scarce believed the facts before his face ;
 He saw not one, but two good igloes there,
 He saw the stained snow, and slaughtered bear.

Oola now tells him of the stranger youth,
 Points to the slaughtered beast to vouch her truth ;
 But marks his face which scorn more plainly stamps,
 Than his cold words express a parent's thanks.

Kadijah oft had met the youth before,
 And though Eskimo was the name he bore,
 His sire belonged to hostile Indian tribe
 But stole a Greenland maiden for a bride.

The youth requests he may his neighbour be,
 And in the chase to bear him company ;
 Though this was what Kadijah did not choose,
 He knew not how the wish he could refuse.

That hunting season thus, he with them stayed ;
 Each day more lovesick grew both youth and maid ;
 Too soon the time sped by, and they must part,
 But felt that each would take the other's heart.

For Kadijah's hunting time being o'er,
 He said, "the youth must meet the maid no more,
 That should they ever dare to meet again,
 A father's bitter curse would rest on them."

PART II.

E'en Greenland's lengthy winter knows an end,
 When the deep snows melt, and frosts unbend,
 When the faint sunbeams wake to strength and
 power,

And decks the sheltered vales with moss and flower.

Waked by the balmy breath and touch of spring,
 Sea-birds in flocks, immense, are on the wing ;
 The bear and cubs now quit their winter's lair,
 And beast and bird to the sea-shore repair.

Nor man, the lord of all, at home doth stay,
 But midst the scene of life he seeks his prey ;
 His kayak light, the Eskimo doth guide
 Upon the wave, his prey the finny tribe.

Ships' crews, with boats, among the ice flues sail,
 And spear the seal, or else harpoon the whale ;
 Where thickest then the shoals of prey abound,
 Kadijah's kayak there was surely found.

He leaves his wife with Oola on the shore,
 Their task to cure his prey for winter's store ;
 Oola is changed, no longer blithe and gay,
 She loves alone to dream away the day.

Her sire had seen and knew what made her weep
 Nor pity felt, but anger stern and deep,
 And says, " Ere I consent, I see thee die,
 Or find thee frozen 'neath the snow drifts lie."

These heartless words he said with passion wild,
 And thus in anger left his woe struck child ;
 The maid oft seeks the rippling beach forlorn,
 Wishing she ne'er had lov'd, or ne'er was born.

Among the rocks she hears the breakers dash,
 Or, sighing gently, o'er the pebbles plash ;
 Nor heeds yon rower, who his kayak guides,
 Where the low willows line the beach's sides.

But see, he treads the beach and bounds along,
 As one impelled by passions, deep and strong,
 Swiftly he hastes, the lonely maid to greet ;
 She sees him now, and springs upon her feet !

Oola ! Ooyarrak ! thus at once they cry,
 And then into each other's arms they fly ;
 Thus closer still, and closer yet, they cling,
 No love, no sire, now Oola knows but him.

Then down they sit, and locked in fond embrace,
 They gaze in love upon each other's face ;
 There for awhile all their past woes forgot,
 They make a heaven of that secluded spot.

And as the youth now pleads his deep felt love,
 He points to sea, and to the sky above ;
 Then takes the maiden's unreluctant hand,
 And with low spoken words, leads to the strand.

What could a simple, untaught maiden do,
 Who feels she loves, and knows her lover true ?
 Love, with obedience, struggles in her breast,
 She yields ; love in the struggle has the best.

The youth and maiden both have left the shore,
 Which fate decrees that they shall see no more ;
 Ooyarrak thinks to take his new made bride
 To find a home among his father's tribe.

A hunter bold, of all his tribe the boast,
 He knew all creeks and isles around the coast,
 And in the chase oft past the farthest bounds,
 Used by his native tribe as hunting grounds.

There was a lonely isle Ooyarrak knew,
 So lonely, that the place was known to few ;
 By nature's hand that isle was richly dressed,
 And there awhile Ooyarrak meant to rest.

Dark mosses draped the bending willow trees,
 And bright eyed poppies quivered in the breeze,
 Mosses thick spread a yielding carpet made,
 A rocky grot there was for rest and shade.

The happy people of the feathered race,
 All undisturbed, loved in that quiet place ; [sung,
 There twittered out their loves, there paired and
 Fearless lest foes should snatch their unfledged
 young.

Stretched on its banks, the sun's warm rays to feel,
 Half asleep there lay the weltering seal,
 And scarcely for the sea will quit the land,
Although the lovers now have reached the strand.

Yes, on that islet, to the world unknown,
Ooyarrak and the maiden stand alone ;
No foe to mar, nor aught to see their love,
Save the creatures round, and the sky above.

His furs and arms the youth hath brought ashore,
And hid among the scurvy grass his oar ;
To a low willow, near the water side,
His kayak drawn, and there he leaves it tied.

The food of lovers, love is said to be,
But still for other food they fain must see ;
And now these lovers having fasted long,
Felt hunger's pangs were growing sharp and strong.

But in that isle did food enough abound,
For both a meal, Ooyarrak quickly found ;
Hunger's keen wants now being satisfied,
Love's claims would then no longer be denied.

The youth then leads the maiden to the cave,
And there full vent to his deep love he gave ;
Thus they sat with mutual love entranced,
All else forgot till evening's shades advanced.

By night, they dare not tempt the boundless deep,
So on that isle they must prepare to sleep ;
Down from the sea birds' nests and mosses spread,
Covered with furs, soon made their nuptial bed.

And thus, forgetting all the world beside,
Little they recked of either time or tide ;
They lived and loved until three suns were past,
Thinking each day more happy than the last.

That happy isle seemed to possess a charm,
Which banished thence all care and all alarm ;
Oola had said she there could live and die,
So sweetly those three days had glided by.

But there's an end to every earthly joy,
All that time gives, will time in time destroy ;
Lost in themselves, these lovers little thought
That all their joy would end in worse than nought !

On the fourth day the cloud began to rise,
Which blanched their cheeks, and dimm'd their
love lit eyes ;

They sought the kayak in its wonted place,
But they could find of it no sign or trace !

On that fair happy isle they now must stay,
But that word must, took all its charm away ;
No hope was there that they could thence escape,
Death would be theirs in its most horrid shape.

PART III.

Once more bright summer's sunny days are o'er,
Old winter holds his court on Greenland's shore,
And there he reigns—a monarch all supreme ;
On land and sea is winter's impress seen.

The winged monarch soars o'er his domains,
He chains the waves and whitens all the plains ;
Bidding his sons, the children of the north,
To trace their prey upon the snow go forth.

And where are they, those two bold fearless men,
 Who tracked the grim white bear into his den,—
 Kadijah and Ooyarrak where are they,
 They were the first in chase, why now delay ?

If thou would'st more of old Kadijah know,
 Come cross with me yon plain of frozen snow ;
 There stand his huts beneath a rocky ledge,
 There stand his dogs all harnessed to a sledge.

Kadijah goes not now to urge the chase,
 But yet there's something on his earnest face,
 Which marks him still as a determined man,
 Firmly intent to carry out his plan !

When first he knew that he had lost his child,
 Love, rage, and sorrow almost made him wild ;—
 At length he thought Malina* was the thief,
 And cursed Malina in his bitter grief !

But ere the ice had bound the waters fast,
 He found, one morn, upon the sea-shore cast,
 Ooyarrak's kayak which at once he knew ;
 Then from Malina all the blame withdrew.

“Ooyarrak is the thief !” in rage he cried,
 “My child is gone to be Ooyarrak's bride ;
 Her will I bring from his detested home,
 She shall not stay with his vile tribe to roam.”

O'er the half frozen sea he cannot sail,
 To bear his sledge, as yet, the ice would fail ;—
 Perhaps deep sunk beneath the yawning wave,
 Oola sleeps within her watery grave.

* Malina, a demon the Greenlanders suppose carries off maidens.

When winter came, Kadijah knew no rest,
 He fain must solve the doubts within his breast ;
 Hence near the huts beneath that rocky ledge,
 There stand his dogs all harnessed to the sledge.

Tears in his eyes, he strokes yon white dog's head,
 It was the dog his child had loved and fed ;—
 He seats him in the sledge, away they start,
 The canine steeds rush on with yell and bark !

On, on they go many a frozen league,
 Until both dogs and man flag from fatigue ;
 To yon lone isle they urge their weary way,
 His team to rest Kadijah there will stay.

The dogs all freed from their oppressive yoke,
 In search of food about the island broke ; [grot ;
 Why whines that white dog, near yon snow hid
 Does game or bear lurk hidden near that spot ?

Kadijah calls the faithful brute away ;—
 He has no wish to search for game to-day,
 The dog still whines and scratches in the snow,
 Then disappears into the grot below.

For a long time Kadijah did not mark
 Its piteous whine, nor furious bark ;
 Till something struck his mind, a start he gave,—
 And, like the dog, he enters in the cave.

Remorse and grief mingles with the surprise,
 The sad sight gave which lay before his eyes,
 For a moment chained he stood, speechless bound,
 Icy and cold the lovers there he found !

Yes, he had landed on the self-same isle
 On which the lovers stayed to rest awhile ;
 But having lost the kayak from the shore,
 Nor youth, nor maiden ever left it more.

Sad truth compels to state this gloomy fact,
 Thus punished was poor Oola's one rash act ;
 Thus short their love—thus short their happiness,
 And all their joy turned into deep distress.

But o'er their bitter woes a veil I draw,
 Woes which the Lord above in pity saw ;
 He watches o'er His creatures, great and small,
 And marks when e'en the little sparrows fall.

Ooyarrak did all that a brave man could,
 And, buoyed by hope, awhile despair withstood,
 Amid the creatures which did there abound,
 Plenteous store, for present use, he found.

But the bright Northern summer quickly past,
 The fading leaves fell 'neath the chilly blast ;
 Except the hanging moss, the trees were bare,
 Nor fowl, nor seal were longer sporting there.

Could they but live until the ice was firm,
 For safety, to his native tribe they turn ;
 It may not be, daily their store grows less,
 And, day by day, increases their distress.

A raging fever boils within their veins,
 Ooyarrak dies, Oola alone remains ;
 Remains, but feels her end approaching nigh,
 And lays her down by his cold corse to die.

She says, "In life we two had but one heart,
In death, together bound, we will not part ;
Rousing her failing strength, she then unbound
Her robes, tied them his form and her's around.

With decent care, the robes she then disposed,
On his cold breast her sinking head reposed ;
Fainter, and fainter grew her ebbing breath,
Then all was hushed in calm and silent death.

This was the sight that made Kadijah melt,
But, all too late, the stern man pity felt ;
His child to life he could not back recall,
And he was now bereft of her, his all.

O'er the cave's mouth the frost had split the rock,
Kadijah saw and gave the stone a shock ;
It fell, closing the entrance to the cave,
And shut the lovers in their silent grave.

In Greenland homes the legend still is told,
Of the fair Oola and Ooyarrak bold ;
In their own native tongue, Eskimo style,
And call that lonely isle, the lover's isle.

THE STORM BLAST.

As a babe in unrest, when at the breast,
Will, struggling, turn and cry ;
So the infant blast, in the caverns vast,
Beneath the polar sky ;
A moment lies still, then loudly and shrill,
Lifteth its voice on high ;
It will not be pent, but seeketh a vent,
Where pinions strong may fly ;
It rumbles and raves, in its native caves
Its giant strength to try ;
Then free bursting forth, from caves in the north,
Havoc begins to ply.

With resistless might, in his rapid flight,
In hills he piles the snow ;
Or drives it along, with his pinions strong,
Filling the depths below ;
The drear waste he fills, with valleys and hills,
O'erspread with mansions white ;
So potent his skill 'tis done at his will,
And retards not his flight ;
If he changes his thought, the wonders he wrought,
Are levelled with haste ;
The hills he hurls down, the valleys and town,
Makes one white snowy waste.

Where the iceberg's heights, 'neath the northern
lights,
Glisten with icy sheen,

Their pinnacles high shoot up to the sky,
 And fire flags dance between ;
 There the wild blast comes, with his thousand
 tongues,
 Bellowing fierce and loud,
 Lays his hands of might on the iceberg's height,
 And bends their summits proud ;
 The sailors, ice bound, are stunn'd by the sound
 Of their crash when they fall ;
 The vast beds of ice he splits in a trice,
 As they were playthings small.

He flies to the coast where navies the boast,
 Of mighty nations lie ;
 He staves in their decks and spreads them in wrecks,
 Along the sea-shores nigh ;
 He shuts up their port as in wanton sport,
 He doth the ocean ride ;
 With restless motion he stirs the ocean,
 And chafes the surging tide ;
 In mountainous shapes the billows he takes,
 Then hurling them ashore,
 Makes rocks and caves, 'midst the seething waves,
 Louder than thunders roar !

He leaps o'er the bounds, where the hoarse wave
 sounds,
 And the wild breakers roar ;
 He climbs, in his pride, the high mountain's side,
 And he speeds o'er the moor ;
 He scatters the leaves and tears down the trees,

And he strews them around :
 The oak and the pine, and the low creeping vine
 Lie alike on the ground.
 He waves with his hands and up rise the sands.
 And blasting wild simoon,
 And for beast and man, in long caravan,
 They form a desert tomb.

Over land and sea thus travelleth he,
 And tempests hurls about ;
 He toucheth the brine and in circles climb
 The gleaming water spout.
 On the desert floor, as he passeth o'er,
 He buildeth columns high,
 From the white sands dry to the lurid sky,
 He makes them dance and fly.
 An angel of death, with hot scorching breath,
 Passing the city street ;
 The sons of earth, in the homes of their birth,
 He dares them him to meet.

With sullen deep moan through the murky dome,
 Of humid western skies ;
 Round time honored piles, and through their broad
 aisles
 He howls, he groans, and sighs ;
 Though old time did spare he soon lays them bare,
 And spreads their ruins grey.
 In ruins he piles the bricks and the tiles
 Where weary sleepers lay ;

The husbandman's toils he spreads and he spoils,
Though the work of a year ;
These mad pranks doing, and mischief brewing,
He pursues his career.

One on his wings there sits who his fiercest fits,
Oft checks, and well controls ;
Like a well taught steed, regulates his speed,
Bound to His chariot poles ;
In whose hollow palm, hushed asleep and calm,
The mighty tempest lies ;
Lest his thousand tongues make His stricken ones
Unclose their weary eyes ;
Riding on his wings with His bridle strings,
God guides him to His will ;
And in caverns north, till He calls him forth,
Bids him again be still.

PARK SCENES.

Reclined beneath a broad oak tree,
I saw the deer fly timidly,
Under the thicket shade ;
I saw them stand with tim'rous look,
All grouped within that silent nook,
Then bound across the glade.

I saw the frisking squirrels play,
Then scamper up the trees away,
And hide among the leaves ;
I saw them and their young ones small,
Among the branches, broad and tall,
Sit in the sun and breeze.

I saw the pheasant come and spread
His plumes of purple, brown and red,
All glitt'ring in the sun ;
It was a pleasant thing to see
The graceful bird all fearlessly,
About the green sward run.

I saw the hawk, with rapid flight,
Descend full swiftly from his height,
And pounce among the grass ;
I saw a linnet flutt'ring lie,
And heard its agonizing cry,
'Twill sing no more, alas !

I saw the many thousand leaves
Rise and fall in the gentle breeze,
Like banners green and gay ;

I watched them, as they rose and fell,
 As if they moved by magic spell,
 And never still did stay !

I saw where bright the sunlight fell,
 Dancing upon the streamlet's swell,
 And radiance made
 Where the streamlet straiter grew,
 Till o'er the stones the water flew
 Into a small cascade.

I saw the countless insect tribe,
 All floating on the air to ride,
 With shining, gauzy wings ;
 Heard their softly murmuring noise,
 As glad they sipped their summer joys,
 The happy, little things.

All these I saw, and many more,
 For nature hath a boundless store
 Most beautiful and vast ;
 They fill the earth, they fill the air,
 And none their beauty can declare
 More than a life 'twould last.

And beast and bird, and creeping thing,
 Their Maker's praise for ever sing,
 The only mute is man ;
 Though by God's bounty ever fed,
 To thankfulness his soul is dead,
 While under sin's dark ban.

FADING LEAVES.

With listless steps I walked amid the glade,
 Lulled by the sound the mournful breezes made ;
 With half closed eyes, I thus unheeding trod
 Upon the leaves which withered on the sod.

But now the gath'ring clouds in blackness lowered,
 And from their opened gates a deluge poured ;
 Roused from my waking dream I refuge sought,
 And watched the havoc by the tempest wrought.

A chilling gloom was brooding on the air,
 And the black looking trees, with limbs half bare,
 Infused a sadness o'er my musing mind,
 Reading the lesson taught by nature kind ;

Or taught by nature's mighty God, to man,
 To mark how short his days—a little span ;
 For like the falling leaves, and fading grass,
 Man too, from earth, must fade, wither, and pass.

'Ere fell the storm it was a lovely scene,
 For autumn's many hues were mixed with green ;
 With leaves of green, which seemed to lingering
 stand,
 And half defied the touch of winter's hand.

Emblems of hopes, which nigh accomplished seem,
 Cherished through life, and in our age still green ;
**But which the sudden breath of one rude blast,
 Strips from our hearts, and mingles with the past.**

O withering leaves ! O withering leaves !
 Each solemn truth you teach, my heart receives ;
 God's silent preachers, from the earth ye cry,
 Prepare to meet your God, for all must die.

Guided by nature's laws the good, the sage
 May lengthen out their days to green old age ;
 Yet swept at length by time's resistless breath,
 They loosen from their sprays, and sleep in death.

E'en could we reach the patriarchal age,
 How brief that reads on the eternal page ;
 As if to warn our hearts, to check our pride,
 'Tis said, "They sons begat, and then they died."

Compare the lives of leaves with those of men,
 The first exceed the last, aye triple them ;
 E'en time itself is but an empty shade,
 When 'gainst immense eternity 'tis laid.

As flourishing as leaves, in spring tide's green,
 Great nations rise, and with their millions teem ;
 And like those leaves, when winter's breath hath
 blown,

Those nations pass, and leave their place unknown.

Thus like the passing leaf's quick fading bloom,
 Man blooms awhile, then falls into the tomb ;
 To wisdom then let men their hearts apply,
 For numbering well our days we learn to die.

To die, but dying leave a germ behind,
 Which shall a more congenial climate find ;—
 Engrafted on the tree of life divine,

Our souls shall verdant bloom through endless time.

MORNING;
OR, THE KING OF DAY.

Behold, where the heralding streaks of gray,
Proclaim that he comes—the bright King of Day;
The stars, and the moon, that late were so bright,
Shine with a faint, and yet a fainter light;
The grey mists are melting in air away,
That earth may, unveiled, her features display,
The hills are tinged with a roseate hue,
And the sky is ceiled with an arch of blue,
And the rustling sound of the wak'ning breeze
Is heard, as it breathes on the trembling leaves,
And it robs the vales of their silver dye,
With its trailing robes, as it passeth by;
The flowers awake, and their green leaves unfold,
And turn their bright eyes, of crimson and gold,
To greet as he comes, from the east afar,
The bright King of Day, in his shining car;
Darkness is driven from each secret nook,
Sparkling in light are the waves of the brook,
For chasing each shade of darkness away,
Rides on in his pride—the bright King of Day.

EVENING.

Lo, the ruddy beams of the sun's last rays
Dye the trees and hills in a golden blaze ;
And sinking still lower down in the west,
In darkness fade that the weary may rest,
Till melted in dimness, and twilight grey,
Eve shrouds with her veil the last beams of day.
Deep silence pervades the hills and the glades,
'Neath the woods and cliffs, fast darken the shades ;
Her handmaid stars, with the queen of the sky,
Smilingly look from their blue dome on high.
Silence yet deepens till nature around
Lies breathless and calm, in stillness profound ;
Closed are the leaves of the daisy and rose,
Bathed, languid in dew, the meadows repose.
A magical beauty dwells in the hour,
How dull is the soul which feels not its power,
'Tis the time of love, 'tis the time of prayer ;
It softens man's cares, and calms his despair ;
Foretaste of the rest man hopes to receive,
Is this balmy hour, the sweet hour of Eve.



TO THE RIVER TRENT.

Flow on, thou bright and sparkling stream,
Pursue thy frequent changeful way;
While on thy banks I lie and dream,
This summer day.

I love to hear thy waters splash,
As ever urging on they fly;
Making, as o'er the stones they dash,
Wild harmony.

With half closed eyes, I love to see,
Upon thy waves, the dancing light
Sparkle and shine as if in glee,
Gladsome and bright.

I love to hear the rustling sedge,
And the sound of the sighing trees
Quivering o'er thy shady edge,
Shook by the breeze.

The timid moor hens splash and fly,
With scream, to their coverts near,
And midst the reeds and rushes lie,
In needless fear.

Emblem of joy, and peace, and love,
With murmurs sweet, and sunshine blent,
Beauty around thee, and above,
Flow on, sweet Trent.

TO THE CORN-CRAKE.

When Flora greets the vernal sun,
And bleating lambkins frisk and run,
And many birds pour out their song
 In tree or brake,
Then dost thou run the grass among,
 And cry, crake! crake!

Companion of fair summer hours,
Of smiling meads and scented flowers,
Thy simple chant ne'er fails in me
Pleasure to wake,
And hence I sing this song of thee,
And thy crake ! crake !

Thou strange, and shy, mysterious bird,
So seldom seen, but often heard,
Like cry of disembodied sprite,
 Voice without shape,
Upon the silence of midnight
 Falls thy crake! crake!

Both day and night thy ceaseless cry
Is heard far off, and then as nigh ;
From love the burden of thy song,
 Its source doth take,
Seeking a mate thou chantest on,
 Thy loud crake ! crake !

In boyhood's days, with stealthy pace,
I sought to find thy hiding place ;
Just when I thought success was near
Thou would'st escape,
Quite distant, thou didst seem to jeer
Me, with crake ! crake !

Once in a field, new mown and bare,
I surely thought to find thee there,
For plain enough I heard thy cry,
Nor did mistake,
But soon from out the field hard by,
I heard crake ! crake !

'Twas then I said that thou didst wear
That coat the far-famed Jack did bear,
When he, from giants great, away
Their lives did take,
Thus thou could'st hide in open day,
And cry, crake ! crake !

THE HOLLY TREE.

An ancient tree, the Holly Tree,
 With prickly leaf and shiny smile ;
 A Briton, bred and born, is he,
 Most fitting plant for freedom's isle,
 An emblem of the free ;
 For its shining bright leaves are ever green,
 And make ever a wreath for freedom's queen.

The Holly Tree has a burly form,
 He sings aloud, aloud with glee,
 And seems to laugh amid the storm,
 Such a burly old plant is he,
 An emblem of the free ;
 For the rocking storm but makes him to shoot
 A deeper and firmer hold with his root.

The holly rears his hardy head
 On the bleak and barren hill,
 And there abroad his hands are spread,
 While shining leaves his fingers fill,
 Freedom's fit emblem still ;
 For the free will thrive in every clime,
 They work in content, and never repine.

A cheerful face the holly shows,
 Ever a bright and smiling sheen,
 Though hid beneath the winter's snows,

It matters not—'tis ever green,
 Still freedom's emblem seen ;
 For freedom's warm heart all cold defieth,
 On her fair cheek the rose never dieth.

A sacred plant the holly green,
 Fitting crown for the martyr's head ;
 With prickly leaves of deathless sheen,
 All sprinkled o'er with berries red,
 Fit crown for freedom's head ;
 For besprinkled with blood his crown will be,
 Who fights that the soul or body be free.

All rough and thorny was His crown,
 And sprinkled red with life drops o'er,
 Who from above brought freedom down,
 Freedom and life for evermore ;
 An appropriate crown
 Is the rough holly wreath for Christmas time,
 For thorns mid our duty ever entwine.

Then think, like the holly's bright green,
 How guarded with thorns you will find,
 Those things you most precious may deem,
 Nor be to the sharp thorns so blind,
 To forget in your dream ;
 How those bright treasures, so eagerly sought,
 Must with sorrow, or with life drops be bought.

CHRISTMAS.

When on the wond'ring shepherds broke,
 And midnight's solemn silence woke
 The sweet angelic lays ;
 Time's ceaseless river on had rolled,
 Bearing the day so long foretold,
 The first of Christmas days.

Rejoice ! rejoice ! the angels sing,
 To-day is born earth's saving king,
 Angels and men rejoice !
 How great the mercy—great the love,
 To leave His glorious throne above,
 And make the earth His choice !

Death drops his dart, with sudden start,
 He feels his sting will now depart,
 And pass away for aye ;
 E'en Satan hears, with gloomy fears,
 That borne upon the tide of years,
 Comes the first Christmas day.

Well may rejoice the sons of earth,
 Upon the day that saw the birth
 Of Christ in mortal clay ;
 Oh well may man, with thankful heart,
 Taking in angels' songs a part,
 Remember Christmas day.

THE VOICE OF THE STARS.

Night's solemn silence reigns o'er all,
Around her ebon curtains fall ;
The stars are bright, with twinkling light,
It is a moonless starry night ;
There is no living creature near,
Not e'en the cricket's chirp I hear,
But the still stars, with silvery chime,
Seem speaking to this heart of mine.
" From our first purpose we've not turned,
Since in this vaulted arch we burned ;
O'er Eden's bowers and flowers,
Sparkling in their dewy showers ;
On Babel's all renowned plain
Our light fell on that tower vain ;
Wide o'er the world our light has been
As bright and clear as now 'tis seen ;
Oft on the crimson field of blood
Where might with right in battle stood ;
In scenes where love and truth have met,
We lighted there the lover's step ;
O'er scenes of death, and scenes of birth,
O'er scenes of woe, and scenes of mirth ;
O'er all the varied scenes that be,
What hath kept vigil such as we.
We ever from our portals bright,
Have poured out our crystal light ;
Empires have ris'n and passed away ,

Yet we unchanged still did stay,
Ever, aye from the first of time,
O'er every land and every clime,
Since we our destined work begun,
We still our duty thus have done."
O then my soul resolved be,
To do the work that's given thee ;
In days of weal, and days of ill,
Thy Maker's pleasure to fulfil.
For when the stars no light shall give,
Thy soul for ever then shall live ;
When earth and stars do pass away,
Immortal souls shall ne'er decay.
Then fixed thy purpose firm should be
To do the work allotted thee ;
To love thy God, and fellow men,
A sure reward thou shalt have then,
When there's no woes, and there's no cares,
When there's no earth, and there's no stars.

THE SWALLOWS.

The sun in crimson glory fades,
And wide around eve's many shades
In silence softly fall ;
Yet Sol awhile doth fondly stay,
As loth to hide a scene so gay,
Beneath night's gloomy pall.

The Swallows, with their plumage bright,
Snatch from the waves the fading light,
With chirping merry note,
And in the light they swiftly gleam,
As trying to catch the sun's last beam,
On busy wings they float.

Now, as wearying of their sport,
In chatt'ring flocks they all resort,
Where they in council meet ;
Again they rise and sweep the skies,
His strength each tries, as swift as he flies,
To cross the pathless deep.

Their purpose here fulfilled and done,
Away, to fairer lands, they're gone
Across the ocean wide ;
But whence they come, and where they go,
Or where they've been, who now can know,
Their Maker is their guide.

So in his short, his little day,
Does man his pomp and arts display,
Amid his wealth and skill ;
Basking in the light of pleasures,
Seeking, or enjoying treasures
Till he his days fulfil.

Where once did mighty cities stand,
Now deeply lies the desert sand,
Their names have passed away ;
Thus nations rise, and spread apace,
Raising each strong and mighty place,
And then as soon decay.

Will man like Swallows pass away,
Has he no hope, no solid stay,
No dwelling place, or home ?
Oh yes, there is a place most fair,
For all who seek its joys to share,
For all who Christ have known !

Give me, O Lord, thy saving grace,
And guide me to that happy place,
In endless joys to be ;
Where perfect pleasures never fade,
Where pain and sorrow cast no shade,
To dwell eternally !

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

Deem not the day with cloudless sky,
 And gentle breezes blowing,
 Should of all days be prized most high,
 Of summer's kind bestowing ;
 Bestowing when her sultry glance
 From sultry sky is beaming,
 Making the hills and meadows dance,
 Seen through the vapors steaming.

'Tis pleasant, true, such days to dream,
 Beneath the shade extended ;
 While the soft murmur of some near stream
 Into our dream is blended ;
 Blended into our dreamy mood,
 And to it still supplying
 Its quota of narcotic food ;
 We in our dream still lying.

But fairer far, to me, the days
 When fleece-like clouds come dancing,
 And through their robes the sun's bright rays
 Come with a softer glancing ;
 Come with a softer, milder light
 Than when they fall unshrouded ;—
 We farther see with clearer sight,
 When they are slightly clouded.

The landscape, too, seems varied more,
 When light and shade displaying ;
 The silent clouds come sailing o'er
 Both heat and light allaying ;
 Allaying light too bright to last,
 And preaching us a sermon ;
 For slowly floating on they passed,
 And left us much to learn on.

They not by precept preach alone,
 By demonstrations ample,
 Quite plainly is their meaning shown,
 By precept and example.
 Oh, I could sit all day to see
 And hear their truthful preaching ;
 For hope, and warning still to me,
 Would those same clouds be teaching.

They say no human lot can be
 All sunshine or all gladness,
 That not the brightest life is free
 From times of shade and sadness ;
 From shades of sadness sent in love,
 That we more calmly seeing,
 May learn that only up above
 Can joy have perfect being.

Above the mead, and stream, and wood,
 And field of scented clover,
 The floating clouds awhile may brood,
 And spread their shadows over ;

Then pass away, like shades of grief,
And show the sunlight clearer ;
Thus, when from grief we gain relief,
We hold our blessings dearer.

Sometimes they shade the landscape wide,
Yet leave one place in lightness ;
Which, when all else is dark beside,
Smiles with a double brightness.
Thus in affliction's darkest night,
There is this thought to cheer us,
Midst gloom, an oasis of light,
God's mercy still shines near us.

THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

Life is an ocean, vast and deep,
Where many vessels sail,
But swift, or slow, as on they sweep,
The self-same port they hail ;
And but one passenger they take,
What e'er their size, what e'er their shape,
Their freight is still the same ;
And to that port they onward go,
Some quickly sail, and some more slow,
The dark grave is its name.

O'er Life's vast ocean's rolling tide
The spangling stars are spread ;
And as the vessels onward glide,
Their light is on them shed.
These stars are way marks in the sky,
That as the vessels onward fly,
Each passenger may know
How he his vessel safe may steer
From Life's dangerous quicksands clear,
And sunken rocks below.

Bright floating on the ocean wave
Gay bubbles oft are seen,
And with the wealth from secret cave
Upon the surface gleam ;

Forgetful of the stars on high,
 If then the passenger should try
 To gather up these toys,
 No more he heeds the starry sky,
 But in the toys which round him lie,
 Are centred all his joys.

Deceitful mirages arise
 To cheat the pilot's eye,
 And he forgets the starry skies,
 And where the port doth lie ;
 He strives to reach that phantom place,
 But reckless in the headlong chase,
 Is wrecked upon the strand ;
 Upon the strand he sought to shun,
 Which he in safety might have won,
 With a watchful eye and hand.

Yet though across Life's ocean wide
 Each passenger must steer,
 Though he alone his bark may guide,
 The bright stars are so clear,
 That if he marks each guiding star,
 He safe will reach the port afar,
 Nor shall he there capsize,
 But find that happy shore to be
 The coast of true felicity,
 The portal of the skies.

O star of Jacob be my guide
 Across Life's ocean wave,
 To Thee my safety I confide

For Thou alone canst save ;
Let no illusions blind my eye,
Nor earth's bright toys which round me lie,
Draw me from Thee astray ;
For safely through death's harbour dark,
Thou know'st to guide my fragile bark
To realms of endless day.

LEGEND OF THE ROBIN.

The sun refused to give his light,
 And awful darkness reigned around ;
 All nature seemed in dread affright,
 Or as in deadly sickness swooned.

For dying on the cross was there,
 All nature's God, in manhood veiled ;
 Bloody and scarr'd His forehead fair,
 His hands and feet with rude spikes nailed.

Forsaken there, and all forlorn,
 In agony He loudly cried ;
 While demons laugh, and foul men scorn,
 'Twas thus the Holy Saviour died.

But an attendant still had he,
 To cool His face and fevered brow ;
 Who seems to share His agony,
 And owns Him master even now.

As it had lost its unfledged young,
 A little bird, still flitting nigh ;
 As they were forth by sorrow wrung,
 Poured out its notes with wailing cry.

Kept lifting, with its tiny bill,
 The piercing thorns upon His head ;
 His fevered brow kept fanning still,
 Though every human friend had fled.

Its breast was all bedaubed with gore,
And sorrow filled its gentle eye ;
That stain abideth evermore,
Nor doth the sorrow ever fly.

The Saviour's friend, when all friends fled,
Its badge of honor still it wears,
And carries on its breast of red,
Though since have passed two thousand years.

Still, when the season draweth near,
Though tuneless every other bird,
'The robin's Christmas carol clear,
Of Jesus' birth and death is heard.

An honored bird the robin lives,
Its breast of red, and soft black eye,
A safe protection ever gives,
When to our doors it draweth nigh.

And though from out the minds of men,
The legend may have died away ;
Robins are still, " God's cock and hen "
By rustics called unto this day.

ON HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURE;

"THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

Rev. iii. 20.

Behold, He stands and knocks, and knocking waits,
 Yet still unopened are those fast closed gates,
 Some dreaded foe, 'tis sure, who standeth there,
 Of whom the watchful inmate is aware.

Long time, 'tis clear, those gates have closed been,
 Long, long that man hath stayed his doors within;
 So show the thorns, and ivy round it bound,
 And the deep rust upon the hinges found;
 The dry and withered stalks of leaves long dead,
 But which, 'ere death, fresh roots and seeds had
 spread;

And every season still adds to the store,
 Of weeds, which choke the entrance of that door.

Who is it thus, with patience, doth implore
 For entrance through that long unopened door,
 Unheeded, from within, doth so long stand;
 And knocks so oft with His untiring hand;
 No common rank His lineaments express,
 Both power and wealth are emblem'd in His dress,
 Depicted on His calm, but awful face,
 Pity and love, with sorrow, have their place;
 And in His eyes, those wond'rous speaking eyes,
 Deep seated love in expectation lies;
 As longing that those gates may opened be,

And He receive a welcome, kind and free ;
 But as I look, new thoughts begin to rise,
 If love should fly and anger fill those eyes,
 Woe, woe to him who hath despised Him then,
 Most wretched he of all the sons of men !

All this the master's skill hath painted well,
 But tell, who there doth knock—who there doth
 dwell ?

In the great master's mind deep thoughts had
 birth ; [earth.

Thoughts sent from heaven, to teach the sons of
 What meant he by that plain, but costly dress,
 What by the crown and lantern, to express ?
 What meant he, by the streaks of early day,
 Ready to pour on that dark door their ray ?
 To make his pencil preach, in paint, he meant,
 His scope and meaning teach, and his intent.

Know, He who knocketh at that fast shut gate,
 He who so long, in patient love, doth wait
 For him, who liveth there, His blood did shed ;
 Though he, to love and gratitude, is dead.
 And e'en that very house belongs to Him
 Who seeks in vain, admittance there to win ;
 With enmity, the inmate there doth shun
 One who for him such wond'rous things hath done.
 That house, which seems to waste and ruin run,
 Man's heart, and He who knocks, is God's own Son.
 The lantern, which doth such a light afford,
Is meant to represent God's holy word,

Full on the weeds of sin its clear light shines,
And shows each tie, around man's heart which
twines,

Which bars man's heart, and shuts the Saviour out,
E'en as the ivy round that gate about.

This hath the master drawn, with skilful hand,
'Tis fair to see, and plain to understand ;
The Saviour knocks, at every human heart,
In patience knocks, nor does He soon depart ;
Writ on His face, are love and pity plain !
He pleads for that, which He by right may claim ;
The spotless robes of His own righteousness,
The breastplate too ;—both our High Priest confess.
Ah, why refuse to entertain such guest,
Why shut the hardened heart within thy breast ?

Behold ! behold ! the day is nigh at hand,
When He, who sues in love, shall then command,
Imploring love shall from His features fly,
And He shall sit a judge, enthroned on high ;
Shall ask how thou hast used house and estate ;
Why thou his entrance there didst so debate ?
Unable to escape that judge severe,
In deep dismay thy awful doom shalt hear ;
“ Since thou didst darkness so prefer to light,
Depart, depart to dwell in endless night.”
With dreadful thunder brooding on His brow,
His eyes of love, flash vivid light'nings now ;
And they who hated light, in this dark world,
In horror shall to endless night be hurled !

TO DEATH.

Thou dreaded monster, death, whom all things fear,
 Yet cannot shun ! Thou cruel lord of all.
 Whence hast thou this dread power o'er all to reign,
 Which to mortality belong ? come now,
 And let me know thy character and form ;
 Unmoved, my fearless eye shall gaze upon
 The horrid forms thou dost assume, to fright
 And terrify mankind, with causeless fear.
 This earthy frame may quail beneath thy touch,
 But my immortal part laughs thee to scorn,
 And safe defies thee—thou conquered foe !
 Remember how, in fear, thou fled'st away,
 Thou and the hellish crew who sought to bar
 The tomb of Christ : how vain was all your force
 To keep that sealed grave ! In fear ye fled,
 And in the deepest shades of hell ye hid,
 In wild affright ! and from the yawning graves,
 Restored to light and life, the dead came forth,
 Revisiting the earth !

What art thou then ?

A harmless foe, permitted for awhile,
 With unenvomed fangs, to seize thy prey ;
 Which God shall cause thee to disgorge again,
 And, Jonah like, bring from thy loathsome maw
 All thou hast fed upon, to die no more.
 Thou art the labourer, who gathers in
 The harvest of the earth—its flowers and fruits,

Into the master's garner, they shall bloom
 In immortality, when death is dead,
 And sin hath lost its power o'er Adam's race.
 In our own thoughts thy terrors dwell, O death !
 When standing in some flowery vale, we view
 The thousand beauties nature spreads around,
 Such as in oriental climes are known ;
 No wonder, that we pass the dark browed caves,
 And pause to enter their gloomy portals ;
 Yet well rewarded for their pains are those
 Who pass, in darkness, through the low damp vaults
 Which hide the glories that lie deep within.
 These bursting on the sight, astonish all
 Who shall behold them in all their beauty.
 Passing the utmost power of human skill,
 Ten thousand crystals hang sparkling with light,
 From the refulgent roof, which is upheld
 By pillars, wrought with the most wond'rous art,
 Whilst in its centre stands a massive rock ;
 Placed as a constant altar, upon which
 The roof distils a limpid offering ;
 Which as it falls makes solemn melody,
 Breaking the silence, otherwise profound ;
 The awe which strikes the mind, the eye, and ear,
 Baffles description !

What art thou, O death ?

A valley dark and gloomy, with high rocks
 Lining its sides, and shutting out the light
 Of cheerful day, with dark and dreadful shades ;
 While awful sounds float doleful on the air,

Of dying groans, and hollow sounding moans,
 Of deep despair, to fright the startled ear.
 And rugged stones, with tangled briars and thorns,
 Choke up the path, and stop the weary way ;
 But when the passenger that darksome vale
 Hath left behind, how beautiful the view
 Which spreads before his sight. How passing fair !
 Such beauty, that no mortal eye hath seen
 Bursts on the gazer's sight. Not e'en in dreams
 Hath mortal fancy formed so fair a scene,
 Whilst on the charmed ear delightful strains
 Of heavenly music burst ! The golden harps
 Of Cherubim, and Seraphim, and all
 The ransomed host that stand before the throne
 Of God Omnipotent, and ever cry,
 Holy, holy, holy Hallelujah !

Thus have I read thy character, O death !
 And thus the holy martyrs gazed on thee,
 Nor felt the burning flames that scorched their
 limbs ;
 And heeded not the slower racking pains
 Which tore their frames, lost in perspective joys,
 And holy men have hid among the caves,
 In dens of earth, upon the mountains high,
 And in the lonesome arid wilderness ;
 In death obtaining life, their recompense.
 What matters then the form thou dost assume ?
 Wasting the flesh with slow approach, but sure,
 Or with thy sweeping scythe mowing at once,



Both bud and flower ; the end is still the same,
For to the just, their sudden death shall be
But sudden glory. Thus thy sting is lost,
And thy confederate, the dark cold grave,
Though now it like a fallow field lies dead,
Shall bloom with fruits and flowers, ne'er to decay,
They shall bloom more fair than when death
smote them.

The penalty of sin they now have paid,
Clothed in the costly garb of righteousness,
By their Redeemer bought, they stand and sing,
For death hath lost its sting ; the yawning grave
Itself is swallowed up in victory !

THE RIVER OF TIME.

A DREAM.

One night, as still I lay in dreamy sleep,
 All freely did my unchained fancy sweep
 Wide through the vast, the trackless realms of
 space,

Realms all unknown to sons of Adam's race,
 Yet upward still my fancy soared her way,
 Till stretched beneath her all creation lay ;
 But now, too bright for her yet mortal gaze,
 She quails before nigh heaven's resplendent rays,
 When lo ! all lost she stood upon the shore,
 Where a wide river spread its tide before ;
 From heaven it seemed to take its outward course,
 And sweeping on, with a resistless force,
 Planets and mighty spheres were swept away,
 And floating on its waves as bubbles lay.
 I knew not what this mighty stream might be,
 Whose silent waves rolled on so rapidly ;
 Mist o'er its source and hoary vapors lay,
 Many a league 'twas hid in twilight grey ;
 Yet, like as when some hurricane hath passed,
 And mighty fleets in shapeless wrecks are cast,
 Still oft beneath the waves' uncertain tide,
 All indistinct, their wrecks may be descried,
 So 'neath the haze which o'er the river lay,
 Did nought, with certainty, its shape display ;
 It seemed as if beneath that darksome flood,

Huge domes and pillars were, which once had
stood

Amidst the cities of some mighty race,
Whose works, that stream itself could scarce efface ;
Strange characters, and hieroglyphics old,
Of that departed race the story told ;
A story strange, which some to learn had sought,
But baffled by the mist they still knew nought ;
Yet still my spirit saw the middle stream,
And marked that there the light did brightly
gleam.

A wond'rous sight the river's surface gave,
People, and nations floated on the wave,
And some in strife were pouring out their blood,
Which crimsoned round the ripples of the flood ;
Yet such that mighty stream's absorbing power,
Not all their blood could stain it for an hour ;
The oppressor and oppressed, side by side,
Struggled awhile, then sank into the tide.
All was not battle, nor all desp'rate strife,
Some, on that river, lived a joyous life ;
Their barques were lined with purple and with
gold,

And to the sound of music on they rolled ;
But like gay butterflies in early spring,
Heedless, like them, oft sank with wetted wing.
Yet farther down the stream, the fading light
Was lost, in mist and haze as dark as night ;—
I said my spirit did in wonder stand,
But now there came one of the angel band,

Who wing their way throughout that pathless land,
Saying, "Wouldst thou know what this stream
may be,

And mortal like, dost long the whole to see?

This mystic stream the emblem is of time,

Its origin and end alike divine,

In vast eternity this stream began,

And shall again return to whence it sprang;

The whole creation on its waves it bears,

On its vast flood of long unnumbered years;

In vain does human science fix its gaze,

To pierce, of ancient years, the hoary haze,

It sees the unknown wrecks, which round it lie;

But find their very forms confound the eye.

Yet ever, clear and bright, the light did beam

To light and guide each age upon that stream.

The middle stream, where now thou seest it shine,

There light is given, to guide this age of thine;

Where onward still the hidden waters flow,

Futurity's dark mists refuse to show.

Here future, past, and present you may see,

Belong alike to vast eternity.

One eye alone can see those distant ages,

Can see to read the future's hidden pages,

Though dark they be to mortals' wisest sages;—

God the Creator, and the primal cause,

Ordained, and gave to all, their constant laws,

Which all obey, nor ever make a pause;

But when each purpose is complete, and done,

Each distant rolling planet, round each sun

In their old course, no more shall onward run.
And then shall rise, from 'neath this flood of time,
Where long they slept, nations of every clime ;
A mixed multitude, how wond'rous vast,
Together stand the present and the past !
And then shall shrink this river from each shore,
And the Archangel cry that time's no more " ;—
What more the angel would have further said,
I know not, for the dream or vision fled.

PAST AWAY.

The springtime came, and smiling May
Spread o'er the earth her garlands gay ;
But short was springtime's gentle sway,
In summer's arms spring passed away.

Then summer's all perfecting powers
Soon changed the blossoms into flowers ;
But quickly summer's flow'rets gay,
Their beauty lost, and passed away.

Next autumn's waving fields of corn,
Were by the busy reapers shorn ;
And the rich fruits she did display,
Into the garner passed away.

And winter's ice, and bleak winds cold
Did but their proper season hold ;
At His command all must obey,
The frost and snow melted away.

'Tis written on all earthly things,
On peasants' brows, and brows of kings ;
And none the fiat can gainsay,
All shall be with the passed away.

RESIGNATION.

When disappointment's bitter blight,
Cheats us of some hoped delight,
We are not then inclined
To think 'tis done with kind intent,
Nor to the hand by which 'twas sent,
Look up and feel resigned.

When health and spirits both decay,
Languid and weak the fainting clay,
Drags down the nobler mind ;
All other aid then unavailing,
To the source of strength unfailing,
Look up and be resigned.

When broken are life's nearest ties,
And some dear friend all lifeless lies,
Be not with sorrow blind ;
God took them not in wrath, but love,
That we might to their home above,
Look up and be resigned.

When, as by whirlwind's sweeping blast,
Our fondest hopes are prostrate cast,
And nothing left behind ;
We to our better home above,
Undoubting of our Father's love,
May look and feel resigned.

It does but show the love of God,
To smite us kindly with His rod,
And purify our mind ;
To make us see with eyes of faith,
And from this world of sin and death,
Look up and be resigned.

When death's dark shades o'erfilm the eye,
And his cold hands, our vitals dry,
All chill as ice doth bind ;
Then saving faith alone supplies
True hope, to with our dying eyes,
Look up and be resigned.

WORDS.

Let your words with care be spoken,
For thus spoke one who spake full well,
That they more than sound betoken,
They of the inmost soul do tell.

For as thy thoughts, thy words will be,
As from like plants spring forth like seed,
So in men's words their hearts we see,
For from their hearts their words proceed.

Careless words, though spoke in jesting,
And not in real sobriety,
In the book of doom are resting,
As proofs of our impiety !

The noblest work of God we see,
It is the simple, truthful man ;
Whose heart from all deceit is free,
To speak the truth, his only plan.

Wise words are simple, plain, and few,
The plain unvarnish'd yea and nay ;
Their meaning men at once see through,
Because their truth none can gainsay.

Words gentle, loving, true, and kind,
Which spring alone from the new heart ;
From love to God, and human kind,
The Holy Spirit does impart.

And all the many tongues on earth,
Of black and white, of slave and free ;
All who partake that blest new birth,
Shall learn one speech, O Lord, of Thee.

DEEDS.

**All human flesh must pass away,
All, all must join their native clay;
Alike the wicked and the just,
One fate to all ;
Proud kings and slaves both turn to dust,
At death's dread call.**

Insect man amidst his pleasure,
Cannot stay the time to measure ;
Nor can they who gold more prizing,
Toil the whole day ;
Death, both joy and wealth despising,
Takes both away.

Is life then but a passing dream,
Or man a bubble on its stream,
Whose actions for a moment gleam,
 In life's bright light,
And bursting, then is no more seen,
 But lost in night?

Is there nought then worth man's doing,
Nothing worth a life's pursuing,
Is there nothing worth achieving,
Which will remain,
And from darkness man retrieving,
His name retain ?

As on the lake, ring after ring
 Circle around where they begin,
 So does each deed a man has done,
 Around him spread,
 Though gone the source from whence they sprung,
 And with the dead.

In life's book of many pages,
 To be read in after ages,
 The deeds of praise or deeds of blame,
 By each man done,
 Are written with a pen of flame,
 Left out are none.

Signpost-like each action stands,
 And points the way with silent hands,
 And those who follow in the wake,
 Are thus led on ;

Of those before example take,
 For right or wrong,

Yet many wrecks are on the road,
 Of those who sank beneath life's load,
 Who found no help, who found no friend ;
 Too small their strength
 To bear the weight which made them bend,
 They sank at length.

There are writ, on deathless pages,
 Lives of good men, heroes, sages ;
 All as waymarks to remind us
 Man ever lives ;
 And each good deed, staying behind us,
 Example gives.

Each good deed then's worth the doing,
Noble actions worth pursuing,
Deeds of good are worth achieving,
And bright shall shine ;
They, from darkness, us retrieving
Through all time.

Man's no insect, man's no bubble,
E'en the life of toil and trouble,
Is but sent in love to fit him
For realms above ;
All, in faith, to God submitting,
Enjoy His love,

And though to idlers, life may seem,
And be, but as a passing dream,
No man can ever live for naught,
For good or ill,
Some the example he has taught,
Sure follow will.

MEMORY.

At the dusky hour of eve, when soft the dreamy
 shadows fall,
 Creeping with a stealthy step, till they throw
 their veil o'er all ;
 With a dreamy subtle power, hushing all nature
 into sleep,
 Silence increases, more and more, and becomes
 profoundly deep.
 Then it is the poet's thought, free bursting from
 its narrow bounds,
 Sees around fantastic shapes, hears to others, un-
 heard sounds.
 Dark shadows looming far behind, o'er the long
 forgotten past,
 Shadows of the coming years, of the fair future,
 forward cast ;
 Diving in the darksome past, in the long forgotten
 ages,
 When the new-born earth was trod, by the ancient
 long-lived sages.
 Lifts the veil of coming years, of the fair future
 yet unborn,
 With prophetic eyes he sees, and shapes their
 shadows into form ;
 Sees their bearing upon man, their bearing upon
 all mankind,

How they affect the inner man—how they act
upon the mind.

And he analyzes thought, and the dark passions of
the heart,

How they sway it to the good, or make it from
the good depart ;

Thus, upon a summer's eve, 'neath the dark
shadows of a wood,

Speaking to himself aloud—musing aloud—a poet
stood :

And I heard his words to be, of conscience, and of
memory,

Poet like, he spoke of them in figure, and by
simile.

Thus he likened deeds of men, thus he likened
human thought,

To flowing streams which were lost, 'mid caverns,
in the mountains wrought,

Thousands of caves, or little cells wrought along
the cavern's sides,

Where—lodged by the stream of deeds—each deed
of note, ghost-like abides ;

In these cells past deeds may sleep, may sleep,
but never do they die ;

From these cells they come and peep, and gaze
into yon mirror nigh ;

For thus I heard the poet say, each cavern had a
mirror bright,

Ever shining clear and bright, which shows each
deed in its true light ;

The caves—the homes of memory were, and the
 mirror, conscience meant,
 These two, with the stream of deeds, man's inner
 soul may represent.
 And such a cavern is each soul, with cells of
 memory lined,
 Where conscience's mirror—clear and bright—
 shows their inmates to the mind ;
 Fairest upon that mirror's face oft appear the deeds
 of youth,
 The deeds of home and early love, love all
 guileless, love all truth ;
 When to the untried soul this world, puts on a
 face so beaming,
 That still its image stays behind, when we have
 left our dreaming,
 And on the mirror's face appears, with a bright
 halo round it,
 Till, as it were a frame of gold, with splendour
 doth surround it.
 And when upon the mirror's face, on conscience's
 call attending,
 The deeds of after years may come, they do ap-
 pear offending,
 And from the mirror cast a shade, a shade of gloom
 and sorrow,
 Till all the cavern of the soul its gloomy light
 doth borrow !
 When like a ghost—from those still caves—a
 dreaded guest unbidden,

Comes forth a deed of guilt, or shame, long thought
for ever hidden,
Upon the mirror's face it burns, its polished sur-
face searing,
Searing the conscience, till it grows quite callous,
and unfearing ;
Then may we people memory's cells with deeds
we mind not seeing,
When they, on conscience's mirror bright, remind
us of their being !

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

A VISION.

A mist-like cloud upon my spirit seemed to fall,
 And present things shut out by its enshrouding pall;
 Through the long vista, even to the end of time,
 Gazed my entranced soul on awful things sublime!

Me thought I heard the sounds of marriage, feast,
 and mirth,

*Of merchandise, and all the business of this earth;
 With rumours strange of pestilence, and great
 earthquake,
 And earnest talk of wars, and plagues of divers
 shape.

When lo! as in the twinkling of an eye, the sound
 Was sudden, by the hand of silence, hushed and
 bound;

Silence on man and beast, on bird and insect fell,
 The rivers ceased to roll, the ocean's waves to swell.

It seemed as if great nature's pulse had ceased to
 beat,

Naught even dared to pant beneath the growing
 heat;

Sun, moon, and stars forgot to give their wonted
 light,

And the dense masses of black clouds obscured the
 sight.

* Matt. xxiv. 29.

When bursting fierce upon the universal gloom,
 Lightnings, like streams of living fire, the sky
 illumine ;

Rending apart the ebon portals of the sky,
 And, by bright contrast, gave the gloom a double
 dye.

But now the scene an added horror crowned,
 From the earth's centre, bursting through the
 trembling ground,

The long imprisoned fire, in scorching flames
 ascend

With upward shoot, 'till with the lightning's flash
 they blend.

Then, at short intervals, the blaze of light was
 stayed,

And by the awful gloom the guilty were dismayed ;
 *Strange sounds were heard, as borne upon the
 rushing blast,

The mighty harvest angels of the Lord swept past !

Material matter seemed to be from law unloosed,
 And hasted to return to nothing, whence produced ;
 The law of gravitation gone, cohesion fled,
 Or centred in the dust of the long sleeping dead !

The boiling ocean with ascending flames contend,
 Flames which its hidden depths in yawning
 chasms rend ;

Water and fire awhile maintain a doubtful war,

A conflict terrible, the sounds are heard afar.

* Matt. xxiv. 31.

Amidst the seething waves, rising to mountain
 height,
 The seamen are amazed, and tremble with affright !
 There hungry waves, with gaping jaws, engulf a
 fleet ;
 And there the flames enwrap them in a fiery sheet.

Thus deepest midnight gloom, and light surpass-
 ing day,
 By turns shuts up the sight, or fills it with dismay ;
 Then rising from their beds, unheeding light or
 gloom,
 Those sleeping in the Lord come forth, and leave
 the tomb.

From underneath the toppling mountain's lifted
 base,
 Come forth the ancient fathers of the human race ;
 God placed those mountains o'er their long for-
 gotten grave,
 When He convulsed the earth by the eruptive
 wave.

From forests hoar, and from the deserts' shifting
 sands,
 From torrid zone, and from the frozen polar lands,
 *From ocean's secret depths, and from the grass-
 clad sod,
 The first fruits of the dead spring up to meet their
 God.

* Rev. xi. 12.

The very air dissolving renders back to life,
 What the martyrs yielded amid the fiery strife ;
 Ten thousand myriad myriads, on all sides arise,
 With praises on their tongue, and triumphs in
 their eyes.

*Clothed in their spotless robes they cover all the
 plain,
 Like the fields in harvest white with the waving
 grain ;
 The angels of the Lord as to a harvest go,
 And to His garner bring these first fruits from
 below.

So sudden, unexpected came that awful day,
 †The guilty had no time to pray their guilt away,
 In their pomps and vanities, lustfulness and blood,
 That day these sinners found like those before the
 flood !

With hell invented engines, upon the battle field,
 Men were slain by thousands, for neither side
 would yield ;
 But now the throes of nature stayed the pending
 fight,
 Quelled the bravest spirits, and blanched their
 cheeks with white !

‡And mighty men of wealth, still adding land to
 land,
 The more they had, the more they grasped with
 greedy hand,

* Rev. vii. 14. † Matt. xxiv. 26-27. ‡ Jas. vi.

Saw the fair earth's ruin with deep and dread
dismay,
For this world's destruction would sweep their all
away.

*There were priests and people in God's house
assembled,
Few were ready there, most guilty felt and
trembled;
For in a moment changed, and all their sins laid
bare,
Priests and people stood before God's angels there!
Fiercer flashed the lightning, louder roared the
ocean,
The rocks and mountains falling in wild com-
motion;
†And the guilty wretches would fain beneath them
hide,
But no! the final judgment they must now abide.

*
Loud above the thunder, above earth's dying
groans,
†The great Archangel's trumpet lifts its piercing
tones;
His awful voice is heard above confusion's roar,
Heard aloud proclaiming, time was, but is no
more!

* Matt. xxiv. 24. † Luke xxiii. 30.—Rev. vi. 18,
† I Cor. xv. 52-3.—1 Thess. iv. 16.

In incorruption raised, though in corruption sown,
The risen dead and quick, a sudden change have
known;

For in a moment's space, or twinkling of an eye,
Their mortal flesh assumed its immortality.

In masses dense and black unfold the murky
clouds,
And in robes of white appear the heavenly
crowds;—

*But robed in purple fire, wearing a glorious
crown,
On throne of dazzling white, the Son of God comes
down.

Swift then, ascending high, into the middle air,
The righteous are caught up, to meet their Saviour
there;

They take their promised place upon His own
right hand,
For none shall dare condemn one of that chosen
band.

Earth's marble rocks are rent, the mountains
downward fall,
And inwardly convulsed, explodes the massive
ball;

†As scroll of parchment shrinks before the fire
away,
Did the universe dissolve in that dreadful day!

* *Rev. vi. 11.* † *Isaiah xxx. 4.—Rev. vi. 14.*

But amidst the ruin the guilty were preserved,
For black and dread despair eternally reserved ;
They found no place to shun the Judge's dreadful
face,
With mute, but deep despair, they take the left-
hand place.

Then the books were opened—the books of good
and ill,
And all men's deeds compared with God's revealed
will,
To its righteous judgment none could reply again,
The very lost and damned were fain to say,
“ Amen ! ”

THE RIFLEMEN.

I'll be one of the Rifle Band,
Those unpaid soldiers of the land ;
Though not for pride, or love of gold,
A free-born man will not be sold.

I love my country, and my Queen,
Therefore in rifle-rank I'm seen ;
'Tis known full well, 'twas known of old,
The true-born Briton's always bold.

Then come, enrol along with me,
Among the true, the brave and free,
Come all who are of Britons born ;
Your fathers, aye, did danger scorn.

Let all the world right plainly see
England's still the home of the free ;
That all her sons are free men still,
And can be soldiers when they will.

Oft they are shown, aye many a time,
In foreign land, and foreign clime ;
Shown on the hard-fought battle field,
Britons can die, but never yield.

Now I see by your flashing eye,
Your British heart is beating high ;
As you hear the martial strains,
Your British blood warms in your veins.

Then come, and with this gallant band,
Guard the homes of our fatherland ;
No foe shall tread Old England's strand,
Till we lie breathless on the sand.

Then come be one along with me,
One of the rifles brave and free ;
The pride of this our native land,
Is its patriot Rifle Band.

THE ISLE OF THE FREE.

There is a rock encircled isle,
Whose sons are brave and free ;
They dread no tyrant's frown or guile,
Those sons of liberty.

And handed down, from sire to son,
In one unbroken chain,
The freedom they have bravely won,
And ever will maintain.

They have a soul which scorns to fear,
Though helpless and alone ;
They shed no coward's dastard tear,
Though ruined and undone.

Courage and patience are imbred,
Within their dauntless hearts ;
Whether to death or conquest led,
Their courage ne'er departs.

No despot e'er could rule such men,
Where every man is free,
They soon the chain would break again,
Or die for liberty.

'Twas not their strong and brawny arm,
Though stalwart is their frame,
'Twas mighty freedom's potent charm,
Which gave their deathless fame.

And should a foe be ever seen
Too near their island strand,
Up for their country and their Queen,
They to a man would stand.

And God shall keep that island free,
A light to all the world ;
To be the Queen of liberty,
Till despots down are hurled.

MY OWN'S THE LAND FOR ME.

O, tell me not of other lands,
My own's the land for me ;
There sacred freedom boldly stands,
The meanest man is free.

Glorying in my British name,
I well may be content ;
'Tis prouder far than Roman fame,
And farther, far 'tis sent.

At home our dauntless fathers bled
In freedom's sacred cause ;
To block, or stake were often led
By tyrants' cruel laws.

Naught could ever quell the spirit,
More dear to them than breath,
And which now their sons inherit ;
Not e'en a bloody death.

In frigid and in torrid zone,
Upon the land and sea,
The sons of British race are known
As friends of liberty.

Nor do I envy other skies,
Though deep may be their blue,
And 'neath them bloom in rainbow dyes,
Flowers of every hue.

Though nature's beauties wide around,
 Entrance the gazer's eye,
 And flowers and fruits upon the ground
 In tropic pride there lie.

Britain has wood, and vale, and hill,
 And many winding streams ;
 Where nature shows her utmost skill,
 Bright as in fairy dreams.

Where hardy flow'rets, wild and free,
 Perfume the summer breeze ;
 Emblems are they of liberty,
 So are the old oak trees.

But there are prouder things than they,
 Which tell of noble men,
 Whose fame shall never pass away,
 Britons are proud of them.

Britain, my home, my native place,
 Oh I am proud of thee !
 To be a son of British race,
 Confers nobility.

Then tell me not of other lands,
 My own's the land for me,
 There sacred freedom boldly stands,
 The meanest man is free.

SONGS
EXTRACTED FROM "EDGAR,"
AN UNPUBLISHED ROMANCE.

I.

The human heart is like a lyre,
The passions are its strings ;
And fate oft from some trembling wire,
A note of anguish wrings.

But should we break the lyre's strings,
No music thence will come ;
And so the heart, which sorrow wrings,
Is drooping, sad, and dumb.

My heart hath oft, to notes of glee,
Beat with responsive thrill,
But now they wake no thrill in me,
My heart is sad and still.

II.

Cupid shoots a barbed dart,
And though unfelt its sting,
Rankling in the lover's heart,
It there for aye will cling.

Fasten'd to each tiny dart,
Love has a magic chain ;
Vainly does the lover's heart
Again for freedom strain.

Should he cross the ocean's foam,
Or tread Sahara's plain ;
Still abroad, or still at home,
He cannot break love's chain.

Deeply in this heart of mine,
Love has transfix'd his dart ;
Would he do the same to thine,
We then should never part.

Tell me, dost thou feel the strain,
When I in absence move ?
And, with joy, I bless the chain
Which does our oneness prove.

SCHOOL SONG.

How fast the moments fly,
How soon the days glide by ;
Yet days and moments count,
And to a life amount,
Then spend your days and moments well,
That you of each some good may tell.

Spend not your youth in play,
But something learn each day ;
Let each day add some more
To that you knew before,
And when a man, you then shall find
The pleasures of a well-taught mind.

Well study in your youth
The sacred book of truth ;
Such light it will display,
To guide you on life's way,
That you shall safely reach the shore
Where days and moments are no more.

SONG

COMPOSED FOR, AND SUNG BY, ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL
CHILDREN, LONGTON,

ON THE MARRIAGE
OF H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Hark ! the merry bells are ringing,
 'Tis our Prince's wedding-day ;
In the Old Church School-room singing,
 Are we children glad and gay.
Then raise your voices loud and sweet ;
 Children of the Old Church school
Have well been taught, as right and meet,
 They must honor those who rule.

Then hail our Prince's wedding-day,
 Hail to Denmark's Princess fair !
Grafted on England's rose tree gay
 May she bloom in English air ;
And when this happy day is o'er,
 May we yearly bless the hour
Which wafted to our happy shore,
 Denmark's fair and lovely flower !

O Heavenly Father, hear the prayer
 At Thine holy altar made,
O hear, and let Thy blessing there
 On our Prince and Bride be laid.
And should they ever rule our land,
 O'er our church, which made them one,
May they extend protecting hand,
 And to her a shield become.

OLD ENGLAND.

Of all earthly places,
Old England embraces,
And holds in her fair shore
True freedom alone :
No foeman shall ever
From freedom dis-sever
The strand where the sea's roar
Encircles our home.

True freedom inspires
With loyal desires,
Then may Queen Victoria
Be long on her throne,
In peace with all places,
All nations and races,
The strand where the sea's roar
Encircles our home.

The land which God blesses,
Is free from distresses,
From strife and contention,
Which elsewhere is known ;
And kept by His power,
No war-cloud shall lower,
Or spread o'er the sea's roar
Encircling our home.

And 'neath the old spires
Where worshipp'd our sires,
With solemn attention
We still hear His word ;
Aye the pride of our isle,
May those old spires smile
As long as the sea's roar
Encircles our home.

SIXTY-SEVENTH PSALM.

O Lord, to us Thy mercy give,
 And bless us all the days we live;
 To us, O Lord, do Thou incline,
 And cause Thy face on us to shine.

To all the earth make known Thy way,
 To all Thy saving health display;
 So shall the Lord the people praise,
 Their song to Him, the nations raise.

O let the nations much rejoice,
 And praise Thee with a joyful voice,
 For that Thou art a judge most true;
 Govern Thou wilt, and bless them too.

Let all the earth, with one accord,
 Sing loud hosannahs to the Lord!
 And raise a chorus, loud and long,
 Unto the Lord with cheerful song.

Then shall the earth with fruits be crowned,
 And flocks and herds wide spread around;
 And our own God, with father's love,
 Send choicest blessings from above.

The Gospel known to every soul,
 Its blessings spread from pole to pole;
 And spreading wide, and wider still,
 Till all mankind obey God's will.

A PRAYER.

O God! be Thou my aid and strength,
 In all my days of grief;
 Though great my woe, and great its length,
 Yet Thou canst give relief.

For, "as thy day thy strength shall be,"
 Is Thine own promise sure;
 Then give, O God, the strength to me,
 Thy chast'ning to endure.

Let me not of woe complaining,
 Rebel against Thy will,
 But submit to Thine ordaining,
 And suffer and be still.

O let not sorrow's gloomy night
 O'ercloud Thy creature's way,
 Without one beam of cheering light,
 Throughout his little day.

But if affliction's bitter cup,
 Thou givest me to drink;
 I uncomplaining take it up,
 Nor from Thy pleasure shrink.

O God, who didst my being give,
 Thy gracious aid I claim,
 That Thou wilt help me so to live,
 Thy favor to attain.

As, one by one, my hopes are lost,
Like rain-drops in the sea,
Until I have no hope, or boast,
But centred is in Thee.

Then, as the stars on moonless night
Shine forth more bright and clear,
So shall the loss of each delight
Make Christ to me more dear.

A HYMN.

O God, 'midst all the cares of life,
My hope is still in Thee,
That Thou wilt take me from its strife,
In heaven's sweet peace to be.

When o'er my mind the clouds of doubt
Cast their depressing gloom,
Oh may Thy word my path about
A brighter light assume.

Full well may man, who is but dust,
Be thankful unto Thee,
That he may through his ransom trust,
Thy promised land to see.

I fear no ills, I fear no woes,
Which in this life may come ;
For still life's river onward flows,
And bears me nearer home.



MORNING HYMN.

O God, to whom all thoughts are known,
With praise we would approach Thy throne;
For Jesu's sake accept that praise,
Which, in His name, to Thee we raise.

When helpless laid in death-like sleep,
Through the still hours of midnight deep,
Thine eye upon our safety there
Kept watch, with love and tender care.

Heavenly Father, through this day,
Oh keep us from each sinful way;
Our sins we own, and would forsake,
Therefore anew our hearts create.

O Heavenly Spirit, Christ the Son,
Eternal Godhead, three in one!
To Thee our morning praise we give,
And in Thy fear this day would live.

EVENING HYMN.

Ere yet the setting sun is gone,
To Thee, O Lord, with praise we come ;
For each blessing this day given,
Praise Thee, the giver, God in heaven.

Pardon each sinful thought and deed,
Bestow the blessing most we need,
That ere the day's last beams depart,
Peaceful, and calm, may be each heart.

To Thee, Redeemer, God, and friend,
Both soul and body we commend ;
We pray Thee safely us to keep,
And bless us with refreshing sleep.

Should we no more behold the day,
Oh, take our souls from earth away,
To live with Thee, among the blest,
There to enjoy eternal rest.

A HYMN,
THE GREATNESS OF GOD.

Creator and sustainer, Thou,
Before whose throne archangels bow,
Whose presence fills the boundless space,
From whom there is no secret place.

Thou far surpasses human thought,
Great are the wonders Thou hast wrought !
Small is the portion man can see ;—
Thy works they are infinity !

The mountains high, the spreading plain,
The rolling rivers, boundless main,
And wonders yet to man unknown,
Far more than these Thy greatness own.

Could we each secret place unveil,
Would each to man rehearse its tale,
Each would Thee, God and Maker own,
Each lowly bend before Thy throne.

O God, while angels anthems sing,
While all Thy works their homage bring,
Thy servants on Thy name would call,
As low before Thy throne they fall.

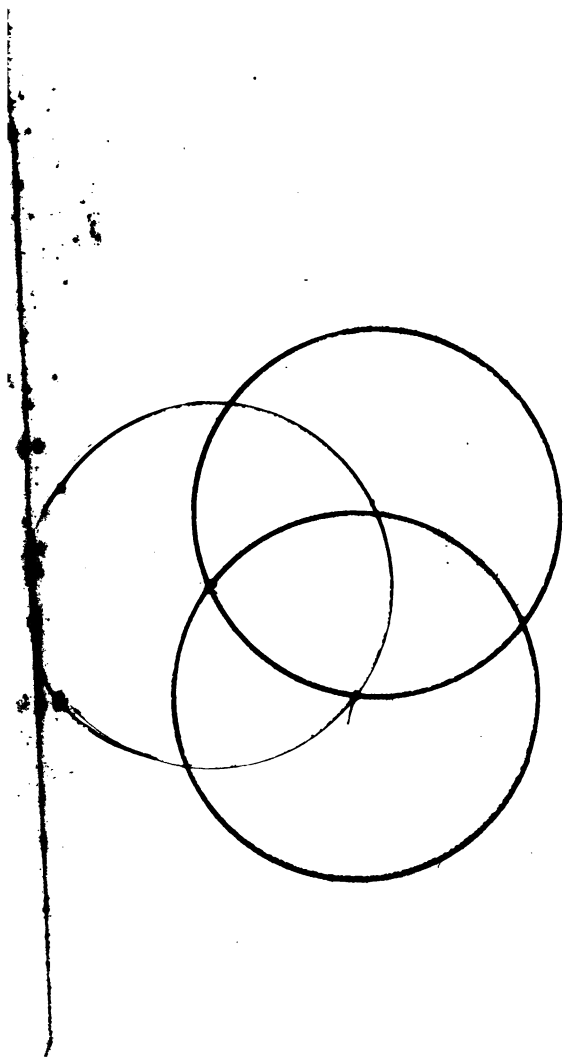
SABBATH MORN.

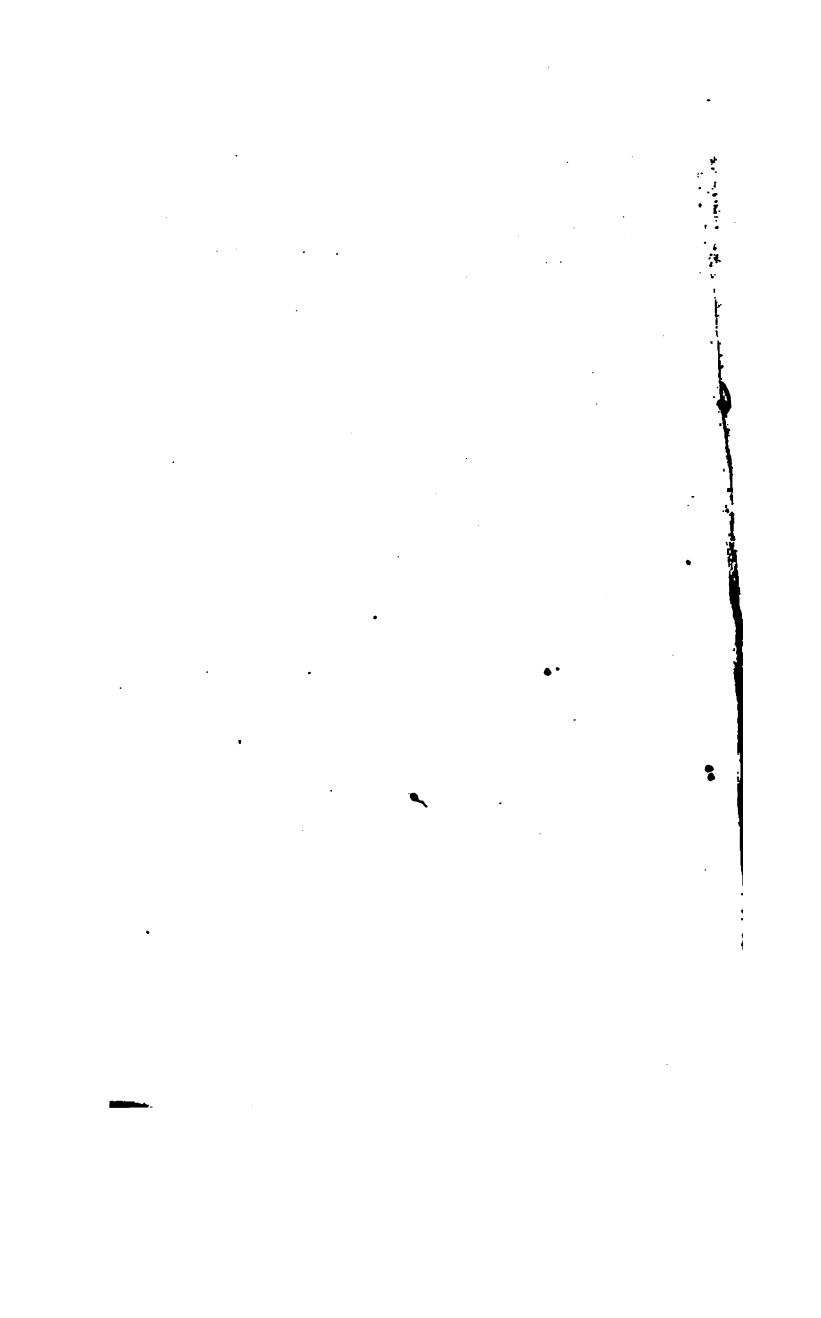
All things are calm and still,
And o'er both vale and hill
A peaceful silence thrown ;
As if to nature known,
Her God had thus ordained the day,
In sacred rest should pass away.

Shall man ungrateful prove,
For all his Maker's love,
Know less than nature knows,
How to his God he owes
A nobler song of grateful praise
Than silent vale, or hill can raise.

Ye sons of men rejoice,
With thankful heart and voice ;
Join with the angel throng,
Who tune to harps their song,
And Father, Son, and Spirit praise,
Who gave to men the sabbath days.







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